

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS GULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 19.—VOL. XIX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1807.

NO. 957.

EMILY HAMMOND,

An American Novel.

(Concluded.)

After spending three days with Mr. Drey, my anxiety to see the poor stranger at Boston, led me again to that town. Everard was at leisure, and asked leave to accompany me. We reached the city late in the morning; and while Everard was engaged in conversation with some gentlemen of his acquaintance at the coffee-house, I rode directly to Mrs. Barlow's. That good woman saw me alighting, and met me at the door—"I am glad thou art come, but I have sad news for thee:—thy poor girl is sick—sick, I fear, past recovery. On the evening after thy departure for thy friend Drey's, she seemed highly feverish, and begged to retire immediately after tea, she rested little;—and on enquiring after her health in the morning, I sent instantly for a physician: and from his opinion I find we have little to hope. She enquires anxiously for thee when her recollection is perfect; but since yesterday noon she has been almost constantly delirious. This morning she asked to see her infant, which had been placed with a nurse; the poor babe is ill itself, and we strove to evade her enquiry. After repeatedly urging the pathetic request,—“Let me, let me see my child, my poor friendless babe!” she wildly cried—“Oh! they have sent it—they have sent it to the hospital!”

Her frenzy alarmed us, and we put the child into her arms:—She hugged it fondly to her bosom, and said in a low voice—“My sweet little Mary! your mother is dying! could your father see us now! but hush—he lives somewhere here—he will say we followed him, troubled him, disgraced him!—Oh, no, not for the world would we have him say that! But where is the good man who saved us? Has he forsaken us too? How kind he looked! He is an old man too—he forsake my poor Mary! No, no!” Soon after this she fell asleep; we expect her to awake in her perfect senses, and then I shall wish thee to see her immediately.”

Everard now joined us, and as we were seating ourselves at dinner, an elderly gentleman, in a quaker's dress, was introduced, and welcomed by Mrs. Barlow as an old and valued friend. “Friend Hammond,” said the worthy woman, “it is many long years since I shook thy hand last: I am glad to see thee; but thou hast come to a house of mourning.”

“Mourning, sister! my own heart is a house of mourning; but for whom art thou afflicted?”

“For the poor and the stranger; a lovely young woman, a guest in my house, is now on the bed of death!”

“My poor Emily is among strangers too!” replied the venerable mourner, drying the bitter drop of sorrow from his furrowed cheek.—“Oh, sister,” added he, “I would not trouble thee with my griefs; but the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. Thou wilt remember that when my business compelled me to visit India, I removed my wife and infant

daughter to the house of my brother in Philadelphia. My sufferings abroad I will not mention—shipwreck, sickness, and captivity kept me from my native land for ten long years:—but heaven blessed my labours with abundant increase, and but now I had returned with the soothing hope of sharing the bounties of Providence with my beloved family; but my wife is dead, and my daughter—oh, sister! my sweet little Emily is—lost—ruined, eloped from her friends! fled, perhaps from disgrace and life together, with all her sins on her head!”

“Who! Emily Hammond?” enquired Everard in breathless agitation.

“Yea, my good young friend, didst thou know my child?”

“God of mercy!” groaned Everard, and sunk senseless on the floor.

We assisted him into the next room and placed him on a bed; but before he had recovered so far as to permit any enquiry respecting the cause of his emotion, the nurse came from above stairs with a request from the physician who was then attending, that Mrs. Barlow would walk above. She complied immediately; but after a few minutes absence, she returned in tears.

“Friend Hammond! wilt thou comfort the dying? Friend J—, the moments of thy poor girl are numbered and well-nigh finished; she wishes to bless thy kindness with her parting breath!”

Everard had now recovered, and requested to be left alone; while myself and Mr. Hammond followed Mrs. Barlow to the room of the dying stranger. The curtains of the bed were partly drawn, and we had approached close before she observed us. “My father!” with a faint scream was heard from the bed. Mr. Hammond fell on his knees by the bed side, and groaned in anguish: “My child! my poor lost Emily! Oh my sainted Mary! is this our daughter; is this all I have left of thee! Do I find our little prattling Emily thus! Father of mercies! strengthen me to thy chastening! my child! my child! art thou gone!” The poor sufferer had fainted, and our utmost efforts could hardly rekindle the feeble spark of life in her exhausted frame. She opened her eyes at length, and with a long drawn sob exclaimed, “My father! forgive me!”

“I forgive thee my child! I bless thee! Heaven forgive and bless thee as freely as thy father!”

“It is enough! Everard I forgive you.”

An explanation like this I had dreaded; but when the painful certainty left no room for better hopes, I could hardly support the shock. Everard Drey, the son of my old friend, whose constant example and whose daily lesson had been duty, had seduced from innocence and virtue a heart that loved and trusted him; and left to struggle unassisted with the accumulated miseries of grief, sickness, disgrace and poverty, the loveliest victim that ever suffered on the altar of sensuality! My own life has not been unmarked with sorrows: I have mourned the loss of friends, and followed my kindred to

the grave; but never did my spirit sink within me as at this moment. Ye who have hearts to feel will not ask why I weep at the recollection.

A moment's reflection determined my conduct. I went below, where I found Everard walking the room in an agitation which excited my pity. I beckoned to him, and immediately returned to the chamber; he followed me without answering.

We approached the bed of the dying Emily in silence: she cast her eyes on us, and wildly exclaimed, “Everard!—your daughter!—protect my child! I did not come to disgrace you, Everard! I felt that my days were but few; I wished to see you, to forgive you, and to die!—protect—!” She faltered; her eyes closed; and a single convulsive gasp freed her gentle soul from the sufferings of mortality!

The father watched the expiring struggle of his beloved daughter, and covering his face, lifted up his soul in silent prayer to his God.—Not so Everard. “Old man! mourning father!” cried he in the voice of distraction, “See here the murderer of your daughter! Emily was the child of virtue; all the powers of hell were put in array against her! Farewell!” added he with an accent of frenzy; and instantly flew from the house.

Let me be brief, Emily's babe rears in the same grave with its mother; and her wretched father quickly descended to that place “where the wicked cease from troubling.” Rumour's hundred tongues preceded my return to Mr. Drey's. My friend relapsed and died. A rapid decline hastened his beloved wife to join him. Everard is no where to be found; and amid this wide wreck of life and happiness, I seem left alone to tell the tale.

Daughter of innocence! listen to the voice of age! When the youth of thy fancy points to the flowery paths of pleasure, and with the honied eloquence of desire, cries, “Come, come!” fly, fly from the forbidden path, and trust not the lips that utter deceit! In thine own bosom thou hast a treacherous foe: thy heart bounds at the voice that would lure thee to destruction, and responsive answers to the siren call! Hast thou friends who would mourn thy fall? Love not the “gold name” which years of penitent virtue cannot recover! Hast thou brethren and sisters? Shall the finger of scorn be pointed at them for thy sake! Hast thou parents? Oh, why wilt thou clothe the face of thy mother with shame, and bring down the grey hairs of thy father with sorrow to the grave! Dost thou fear the God who made thee? Think, ere thought shall be distraction! Let fancy lead thee to the tomb of Emily Hammond, there read, “seventeen years—disgrace and death!” Fly—oh fly! daughter of innocence, ere the gulf of infamy open to receive thee!

A CURS FOR BAD POETRY—A physician of Bath told Foote he had a mind to publish his own poems; but he had so many worms in the fire, he did not well know what to do. “Then take my advice, Doctor,” said Foote, “and put your poems where your worms are.”

ANECDOTES.

An elderly gentleman who wore a large white wig, had been out late on Saturday evening, in hot weather. Next day he attended public worship, and for his own comfort as he was rather corpulent, he seated himself in the aisle of the church, near the door, before which were a number of sheep feeding, among them was an old ram, who was an old warrior. While the parson was engaged for the good of his soul, the old gentleman was sleeping for the refreshment of his body. As he sat facing the door nodding in his sleep, the old ram observed it, and mistaking the wig for the head of an antagonist, and the nodding for a signal of battle, began to shake his head, and drew back to a proper distance for a rencontre, when our hero making a very low nod, the ram supposing the enemy advancing, met him full butt, and sent him howling half way to the pulpit, knocking off his wig; the sudden interruption did not a little foil the minister and divert the audience; what added to the diversion, the old man recovering his legs as soon as possible, gathered up his wig, and putting it on, the tail before, again took his seat, but did not discover his mistake until service was ended.

In the war in Flanders, when the Earl of Stair was commander in chief of the British troops, after a severe battle, which lasted from the morning till evening, and terminated in his favour, a veteran soldier, excessively fatigued was resting on his arms, and looking very grave; Lord Stair coming by, asked him why he looked so dull? "Dull your honour, I am not dull; I am only thinking what a damned hard days work I have done for a groat."

A lady expressing her surprise on seeing Dr. Parr, at breakfast, cutting slice after slice of a huge gammon of Yorkshire bacon, the Doctor first taking a draught of porter, (which with a pipe, forms constantly a part of his morning repast) replied—You will not deny, madam, that mine is a literary breakfast, when you reflect that I am making extracts from Bacon.

Anecdote of Fontenelle—The following trait in the private life of this celebrated philosopher, and avowed as a fact, is not very consistent with the character which his works have so generally obtained him for humanity. Having entertained his brother philosopher, Abbe Dubois, *tete-a-tete*, at dinner, Fontenelle, who was himself not deprived of appetite by his philosophy, placed before his friend a dish of young asparagus in the early part of the season. Not agreeing in their taste, the Abbe liking them with oil, and Fontenelle with sauce, they made a fair partition, and gave directions to the cook, that the two bunches should be brought up to their different liking. The order was so soon given, that the Abbe fell back in an apoplectic fit, and was consigned to the care of the servants, while Fontenelle lay down scarce, crying out to the cook, "bring up all the asparagus with sauce! bring it all with sauce!" He then sat down to it with all the *saute* of philosophy, and sustaining with admirable fortitude the misfortune of his friend!—In a *satire* is related by Mr. Linguet, in his *Miscellaneous Tracts*.

WILHELM'S DAUGHTER.

A BALLAD.

(Part the Second)

JEALOUSY.

(CONTINUED.)

Sir Landenbert walk'd o'er the plain,
'Twas at the evening hour,
When flow'rets close, and wearied swains
Solace amid the bower.

He sees a youth of graceful form,
A nymph leans on his arm;
'Tis Wilhelm's daughter dress'd in smiles,
And heighten'd ev'ry charm.

The Knight was pale—he scarce respir'd,
Cold drops bedew'd his brow:
In battle's field full oft he'd been,
But ne'er was faint till now.

With warring thoughts and hurried step,
He to the castle went;
His cheek was pale, his eye was wild,
His heart with anguish rent.

Sir Eldred in the hall he met,
And "Oh my friend!" exclaims:
'My secret love, so long conceal'd,
'At length will burst to flames!

'I've stood the pointed shaft of love,
'I've Reason's lectures borne:
'With adoration, honor, pride,
'By turns have I been torn.

'But Jealousy, thou master stroke,
'Thy power I cannot stand!
'O, Eldred! Wilhelm's Daughter hath
'My heart at her command.

'And Wilhelm's Daughter have I seen
'Lean on another's arm!
'Ah, love, thou art not to be bought—
'That peasant's form'd to charm!

'For shame! for shame! Sir Landenbert,
'Sir Eldred, smiling, cried;
'And what to thee, altho' she were
'This handsome peasant's bride?

'For shame! for shame! Sir Landenbert:
'Break from such shackles free—
'For though she were the peasant's bride,
'She might thy mistress be.'

'O, Eldred! never hast thou felt
'That soul-subduing dart—
'I'd rather die ten thousand deaths
'Than wound her gentle heart.

'O, if her envied love is his,
'I've nought to do but die:
'Wealth, power and greatness, never could
'The heart's affections buy.'

(Conclusion in our next.)

ANECDOTE.

Fontenelle at the age of 97, after saying many amiable and gallant things to the young and beautiful Madame Helvetius, passed before her, without perceiving her, in order to place himself at table—"See," said Madame Helvetius, "how I ought to value your gallantries; you pass before me without looking at me."—"Madame," said the old man, "if I had looked at you I could not have passed."

ANECDOTE.

It is a dispute concerning the superiority of man over the brute creation, and wherein that superiority consisted, a gentleman contended, that it consisted in the power of ratiocination, and of drawing inferences from premises. While his opponent, who was a physician, insisted, that animals possessed the same power. When the company broke up, the latter gentleman went to visit a patient, who was a painter, of the name of Wiseman. In the course of conversation, the physician adverted to the patient's trade, and took notice how well the sign over his house-door was painted; and asked him, whether he thought he should be able, when recovered, to draw some curious object for him? "O yes, Sir," answered Wiseman, "I can draw any thing." "Pray," said the doctor, "can you draw an inference?"—"Why, no doctor," replied he, "I do not think I can." Returning from his visit, he overtook a brewer's dray, the fore-horse of which was remarkably strong and beautiful—"You have a very fine horse there, friend," said the doctor, "he seems to draw extremely well."—"Aye, sir, that he does," said the man, "he will draw any thing." "Pray," returned the doctor, "do you think he could draw an inference?"—"Lord bless you, he can draw a thousand," answered the drayman. The next time the doctor met his opponent, "Well, sir, says he, I think you will now allow me to have established my argument, as I have met with a wise man who could not draw an inference, and with a dray-horse who can draw a thousand."

EXTRACTS.

Some persons absent themselves from Church on account of bad weather, or for fear of taking cold; while much worse weather does not keep them from the theatre or the ball-room, where their health is really endangered.

Nothing is more easy in theory than for a man to adjust his mode of living, and nothing more common in practice than to neglect it. He has only to calculate his income to live within it. But he must have this thing, and he cannot possibly do without that. Hence his affairs soon become insolvent, and he goes, at last, to a gaol.

SELECT SENTENCE.

There are two extremes into which parents are apt to run with respect to their children. The one is, not assisting them when they begin the world, and when they need it; and the other is, giving all into the hands of their children, and placing themselves in a state of dependence.

ON YOUTH.

The youthful mind, like the blossom of an early spring, requires a mind and fostering hand to wake it to perfection; the smallest bud that finds a shelter from the boisterous elements, expands its silken leaves replete with odour; while the strong oak, that spreads its broad arms to the cutting blast, awaits the growing season naked poverty.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW YORK, JUNE 20, 1807.

The city inspector reports the death of 33 persons (of whom 14 were men, 5 women, 8 boys and 6 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of consumption 7; convulsions 3, decay 2, dropsy 3, drowned 1, nervous fever 1, inflammation of the brain 1, old age 1, pleurisy 2, scrofula 1, sore throat 1, still born 3, sudden death 1, vomiting blood 1, whooping cough 1, worms 1, and 3 have been sacrificed to the small-pox. 8 were of or under the age of 1 year, 3 between 1 and 2, 3 between 2 and 5, 12 between 20 and 30, 2 between 30 and 40, 4 between 40 and 50, 1 between 50 and 60, 2 between 60 and 70, and 1 between 70 and 80.

One of the children classed in the above list amongst the still born was found in a cellar near the State prison.

The U. S. sloop of war Wasp, with Mr. Purviance, (the bearer of the returned treaty) on board, sailed from Norfolk for England on Monday se'night.

A man of the name of Abner Hays, was imprisoned at Rutland, Vermont, last week, on whom 3600 dollars in counterfeit bank bills were found, included U. States bills of 20 dollars, New York bank; 5 dollar bills, New York bank; 5 dollar bills Nantucket Pacific bank; 4 dollar bills Columbia bank; Hudson 10 dollar bills, New York State bank; 2 dollar bills Cheshire bank.

A Liverpool paper of the 22d of April says "A strong and painful sensation has been excited in this town by the report brought by the Cambrian frigate, of the refusal on the part of the Government of the United States, to ratify the Treaty signed by their Plenipotentiaries—and this anxiety is heightened by the supposition, that peculiar difficulty will be found in adjusting with the present Ministers, any misunderstanding which may exist between this country and America."

GETTYSBURG, (Penn.) May 20.

A melancholy accident took place on Friday last, at a vendue at the house of Ludwick Eichelberger, senr. in Monjoy township; the particulars of which, as we learn, are as follows: During the vendue, between 5 and 6 o'clock in the afternoon, Ludwick Eichelberger, junr. and Andrew Miller, were engaged in boxing or striking each other in an apparent playful mood. After some time, Miller struck Eichelberger a blow on the lower part of the left side. Eichelberger fell or stepped back a few paces, and leaning against the house or oven, said to Miller, "you are a damn'd calf for striking so hard in fun." He then retired a short distance and laid himself down by the fence side; where about an hour after, he was found dead.

A Literary gentleman from the University of

Cambridge, in England, who arrived in Philadelphia in the autumn of last year, is employed in writing a work which he entitles "The Stranger in America;" to be comprised in four 12mo vols. The first volume contains his observations in and near Philadelphia, during a residence of six months. The other three volumes will consist of views of the society and manners of the U. States, in the year 1807. Each volume will be embellished with appropriate sketches of the public buildings, &c. We understand that the first volume is already forwarded to England for immediate publication, and that it will be published here about the month of September next. *Part Fatio.*

Dublin, March 5—A servant girl in this city, has, within these few days, come into possession of a most ample fortune. It is upwards of 20 years since a young man who paid his addresses to her and was refused, entered into the military service of the East India Company; he had never since been heard of until about a month ago, when she received information from a respectable law agent in London, that her lover died about seven months since in one of the Company's settlements, where he had for the last 15 years, held a civil employment, and that he had bequeathed to the former object of his affections, if living, the entire sum of 25 000l. The fortunate damsel left her master's house a few days since, and sailed for Holyhead on her way to London.

From a late London paper.

Many tradesmen have lately been defrauded by a set of swindlers who employ a female that goes about town in a yellow chariot; she generally pays for the first articles, and then looks out a large parcel, and orders it to be sent home with a bill; when the bill, however, is presented, some excuse is made, and payment is postponed till next day. To every subsequent application the answer is, that her Ladyship is not at home, and thus the goods, if left in the first instance, are irrecoverably lost. The parties who carry on this system of swindling have several houses in very respectable streets.

BOARDING SCHOOL.

The Misses Scribners, respectfully informs their friends and the public, that they continue their School in Stamford, where they teach Reading, and Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography, Rhetoric, Drawing, Painting, Embroidery, and the various branches of Needle-work. Every attention will be paid to the morals and manners of the young Ladies who are intrusted to their care.

Stamford, April 4.

946—3m.

THOMAS HARRISON.

Late from London, Silk, Cotton, & Woollen Dyer, No 63, Liberty-Street, near Broadway, New-York, Can furnish the Ladies with the most fashionable colours. Ladies dresses, of every description, cleaned, dyed, and glazed without having them ripped.—All kinds of rich Silks cleaned, and restored as nearly as possible, to their original lustre. Silk Stockings, bed-hangings, Carpeting &c. cleaned and dyed; Gentlemen's clothes: cleaned wet or dry: and Calicoes dyed black, on an improved plan.

N. B. Family's residing on any part of the Continent & wishing to favor him with their orders, shall be punctually attended to and returned by such conveyance that is most convenient.

December 6.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS

First drawn number on Monday.

Tickets warranted undrawn for sale at this Office.

COURT OF HYMEN.

"TILL Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bow'r!
In vain the viewless seraph, lingering there
At starry midnight, charm'd the silent air;
In vain the wild bird carol'd on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep;
In vain to soothe the solitary shade,
Aerial notes in mingling measure play'd.

MARRIED

On Saturday evening June 6, by the Rev. Mr. Mildoler, Mr. Rowland H. White, of Fairfield, to Miss Phoebe Frederick, of this city.

On Tuesday, 2d June, by the Rev. Mr. McGlea, Mr. James Marshall to Miss Smith, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. W. Sketchley to Miss Sarah Thomas, both late from England.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Mildoler, Mr. Samuel Chapman to Miss Susan Emmons, both of this city.

On Saturday evening May 30, by the Rev. Mr. Mildoler, Mr. Isaac Lullum of Jamaica, L. I. to Miss Ann Champeois of this city.

On Monday by the Rev. Mr. Thomas Hamilton, Peter De Witt, Esq. to Miss Jennette Gosman, daughter of Mr. George Gosman, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Beach, captain William Howell to Miss Harriet Blackwell, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Beach, Peter Moffatt, of the island of Jamaica, to Miss Henrietta Houghton, of this city.

On Thursday evening by the Rev. Dr. McKnight, captain Jesse Constock, of Providence, R. I. to Miss Ann Weeden, of this city.

On Saturday last at N. Hempstead, L. I. by the Rev. Mr. Hart, Mr. Charles Hewlet, merchant of this city, to Miss Sarah Platt, daughter of Benjamin Platt, of that place.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Kelly, Mrs. Lewis Willocks, to Miss Margaretta E. Morris, daughter of Mr. Andrew Morris.

MORTALITY.

On Death, thou tyrant, who on earth can brave,
Since all are hurried to the silent grave;
The rich, the wise, the fairest and the poor
Shrink at thy call and humble at thy door
And now, bless'd Angels, waft them to the skies,
To your abode with joy now let them rise;
Enter each mild, each amicable guest,
Waft them ye seraphs to eternal rest.

DIED.

In this city, on Thursday the 11th inst. of a lingering disease, which he bore with great fortitude, Walter Taylor, son of Doctor Taylor.

On Monday, after a long and painful illness, which he bore with Christian fortitude, Mr Christopher Hughes, senr. aged 84 years, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

On Tuesday morning last, of a lingering illness which she bore with great fortitude, Ann Sophia Turbe wife of Charles Turbe.

Suddenly on Thursday, Mr. Thomas Barclay Monroff.

Suddenly on Thursday morning, on Long Island, Mrs. Catharine Bowles, in the 76th year of her age.

On Monday afternoon at Newtown, L. I. at his late residence, Mr. John J. Staples, senr. in the 74th year of his age.

At Albany, on the 3d inst. Mrs. Catharine Lamb, widow of the late General Lamb, of New York, in the 74th year of her age.

On Saturday the 6th inst. at Newhaven (Conn.) Mrs. Mary Wooster, aged 74 years, relict of General Wooster—who fell in defence of his country during the revolutionary war.

JOHN C. TUCKER.

LADIES SHOE-MAKER.

He informs his friends and the public, that he has opened shop in the above line at No. 129 William-street, where he has on hand a fresh assortment of shoes of every description. The most punctual attention to business in the bespoke line.

N. B. Shoes suitable for the southern and West India market. All orders will be attended to with dispatch.

June 13 1807

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE IRISHMAN.

The savage loves his native shore,
Though rude the soil and chill the air;
Well then may EXETER'S sons adore
Their isle that nature form'd so fair.
What flood reflects a shore so sweet,
As glorious Boyne, or pastoral Ban?
And who a friend or foe can meet,
So generous as an Irishman?

His hand is rash, his heart is warm,
But Principle is still his guide;
None more repents a deed of harm,
And none forgives with nobler pride.
He may be dup'd, but won't be dar'd.
Fitter to practice than to plan,
He ably earns his poor reward,
And spends it like an Irishman.

If strange and poor, for you he'll pray
And guide you where you safe may be;
Are you his comrade—while you stay
His cottage holds a jubilee;
His inmost soul he will unlock;
And if he may your merits scan,
Your confidence he seems to mock,
For faithful is an Irishman.

By Honour bound, in woe or weal,
Whatever he bids she dares to do;
Tempt him with bribes, or if you fail,
Try him in fire, and find him true;
He seeks not safety, let his post
Be where it ought in Danger's van;
And if the field of fame be lost,
'Twill not be by an Irishman.

ERIN, lov'd land from age to age,
May you become more fam'd, more free!
May peace be yours—or if you wage
Defensive war—cheap victory!
May plenty bloom in every field,
Your healthful breezes softly fan,
And Pleasure's smiles serenely gild,
The breast of every Irishman.

ODE TO TIME.

ON TIME! with rapid scaring wing,
Again thou bring'st the balmy spring;
Again the verdant glades are clad,
And every grateful heart made glad.

Soon shall thy towering flight absorb,
In awful grandeur flaming orb,
The morning dew—the cooling breeze,
And sweep old Ocean's utmost seas!

Swift stealing o'er thy wonted course,
With equal and eternal force,
Thou call'st on earth—at thy command
She pours her treasures o'er the land!

The moments glide, the varied sphere
With chilling numbness blights the year,
The limpid streams forget to flow,
The prostrate earth is sunk below.

"And art thou gone?"—And thus we say,
O fatal Time!—when snatch'd away,
With ruthless scythe, some darling youth,
Of watchless forin, of love and truth!

Then seize the silent fleeting hour,
While wisdom marks it in thy power,
Though youth be present, age draws near,
And win or dire cuts off the year.

FILES

OF THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM
For some years back,
Neatly bound—for sale at this office.

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS.

FOR SALE BY
N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER
FROM LONDON,
AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE
NO 113, BROADWAY.

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies' or-
namented COMBS, of the newest fashion.—Also, La-
dies' plain Tortoise Shell COMBS of all kinds



Smith's purified Chymical Cos-
metic Wash Ball, far superior to any
other, for softening, beautifying
and preserving the skin from chop-
ping, with an agreeable perfume
4 & 8s each.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream
for taking off all kinds of roughness
clears and prevents the skin
from chopping. 4s per pot

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that
holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small
compass

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses as well
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, red-
ness or sunburns: and is very fine for gentlemen
after shaving, with printed directions, 3s. 4s. 8 & 12s.
bottle, or 3 dolls per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s
and 8s. per pot. Smith's tooth Paste warranted

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s 6d per lb

Violet double scented Rose 2s. 6d

Smith's Savoyette Royal Paste, for washing the
skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, 4s. & 8s per
pot, do paste

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the
Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural col-
our to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pear
Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essence
Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond
Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil, for curling, gloat-
ing and thickening the Hair and preventing it from
turning grey, 4s. per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pama-
tums, 1s. per pot or roll. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the lips, 2s and 4s per
box. Smith's Lotion for the Teeth, warranted

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical
principles to help the operation of shaving, 4s & 1s 6d
Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3s per box.

Ladies silk Braçes do. Elastic worsted and cotton
Garters

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books

The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic
Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-
knives, Scissors Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn combs

Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. La-
dies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but
have their goods fresh and free from adulteration
which is not the case with Imported Perfumery

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again
JANUARY 3, 1807

SAUNDERS & LEONARD,

No 104 Maiden-Lane,

Have on hand a constant supply of

Leghorn Hats & Bonnets,

Split straw do do.

Paper do.

Wire assorted sizes,

Artificial and strap Flowers,

do do Wreaths,

Leghorn flats by the box or dozen,

Paste boards,

Black, blue, and cloth sewing silks,

Saraceta, white and pink,

Open work, straw trimming and tassels,

With every article in the Millenary line by Wholesale
sale only.

November

926—1f

NOTICE.

Woodendale, Dentist, has removed from No. 24
Broadway, to No. 27 Partition-street, opposite the
lower corner of St. Paul's church-yard
May 23 1807

SCHOOL.

MRS. HEARNE returns her sincere thanks to her
former friends and employers, who have hitherto hon-
oured her with the tuition of their children, and
respectfully informs them and the public in general,
that she has removed her academy to 201 Bowery
lane, above Doctor Church's Dispensary—hav-
ing taken a convenient, neat and commodious house
for that purpose, in a pleasant healthy and airy sit-
uation, where she will continue to instruct youth in
Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Embroidery and the
various branches of Needle Work, Drawing and
Painting, &c. She flatters herself that from the as-
siduous pains and strict attention she is determined
to pay to the Morals, manners and education of her
pupils, to merit a continuance of the favours of her
friends, and a share of public patronage.

N. B. Mrs. Hearne wishes to intimate that she will
be able to accommodate conveniently from 12 to 15
young Ladies to board and educate, if application be
made within a month or six weeks from this date.
June 12

THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED,

By J. Osborn, at his Circulating Library and
Book-Store, No 13 Park, Price 75 cents,

A satirical Poem, entitled,

FASHION'S ANALYSIS,

OR,

A WINTER IN TOWN.

BY SIR ANTHONY AVALANCHE,

With Notes, Illustrations, &c.

By Gregory Glacier, Gent

Argument to part 1st.

Invocation—sentiment at a ball—sound logic—
a fop—a woman that would be fashionable—fashionable
woman—a family picture—dialogue between a modern
mother and her daughter—Brag at full length—a mo-
dern tea party, a squeeze, fashionable topics, the stu-
dent in distress real wit, sham wit, cards gallery por-
traits, an enquiry after woman as she should be, con-
clusion

May 23

933 1f

PETER STUYVERSANT,

LADIES SHOE MAKER,

Has removed his store from No. 115 to his old
stand No. 141 William street—where he has on hand
a fresh assortment of Shoes of every description, and
a variety of fancy Kid of all colours, Kid Sandals,
Morocco, &c all of the latest importation.

The most punctual attention to business in the be-
spoke line.

N. B. Shoes suitable for the Southern and West-
India market. All orders will be executed with dis-
patch. May 23

MILLENARY.

Mrs. Sarah Miller, respectfully informs her friends
and the public in general that she has removed to
No. 148 William-street, opposite the North-Church,
where she has opened a large assortment of Fine
Millenary, consisting of Leghorn, Split-straw, and
Willow Hats and Bonnets, Artificial and Straw Flow-
ers and Wreaths, and an elegant assortment of Rib-
bons—together with a variety of Dry Goods, elegant
Lace Veils and Cloaks, which she will dispose of at
very reduced prices for cash only.

May 23

Just received per ship Allegany, from Calcutta,
and for sale by Mrs Todd, No 92 Liberty-street, a
elegant assortment of fine worked pieces of
India Mullmuls, Gown patterns complete
Cloaks, Veils, Habit Shirts
Striped and checked Doorcahs
Remarkably fine plain Dacca and Narysook Muslin
Striped and checked Seersuckers, new handsome
Boglepore of different kinds [figures
Handsome Kid Shoes and Slippers, and various
other articles.

May 23.

CISTERN.

Made and put in the ground complete, warranted
tight, by
ALFORD & MERVIN,
No. 15 Catharine-st. near the Watch-house

RAGS.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS at
this office

PUBLISHED BY MARGT. HARRISON,

NO 3 PECK SLIP.